Kattu/Paogordo's
Gabi the babysitter
Don't look!
You saw
-
you loose

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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

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# *Prologue*

Whether or not attention was pleasant depended very much on context. It was a question of the kind of attention, and the kind of person giving it, and how accustomed or fed up with that kind of attention from that kind of person the recipient was. The absence of attention once dislike could become upsetting, and the kind of attention that one person might find disagreeable could be highly affirming to another who lacked such attention. The nuances of what was and was not welcome could be very subtle and changeable, and any number of factors could cause a certain kind of attention to be received with any number of responses.

For what it was worth, for Gabi, it was not at all enjoyable to have her tits stared at. Sure, they were very nice breasts. They were impressively large for her age, she at fifteen having a bust the envy of many adult women, and an ass every bit as large and shapely. She had a good figure, a sexy

body, and she was proud of looking as good as she did. But that did not mean she wanted just anyone ogling her rack or grabbing her ass, and while the former was comparatively much less disagreeable than the former, she still did not like being leered at like a piece of meat.

Young as she was, Gabi gave no thought to the touch of irony in this phrasing, given her own proclivities. Realistically, maybe, the way she sometimes looked at and thought about others would be considered worse than how others looked at and thought about her, but she was a teenager with all the egocentrism that came with adolescence, and affronts others committed against her were of course infinitely worse than any affronts she might be said to commit against others.

Still, it wasn't like she was ill-tempered. She didn't like how Paul, the father of the boy she was going to be babysitting, stared at her chest as he welcomed her into his home, but it wasn't like it pissed her off, exactly. She was more embarrassed than anything, and she tried to ignore the attention she was getting. And she was embarrassed partly on his behalf, finding it uncreditable that a grown man would let himself be mesmerized by the bust of a teenage girl.

A tiny, narcissistic part of her was flattered by the effect she had on him. The rest of her just wanted it to stop. Fortunately, when Paul's wife arrived in the living room all dressed up for her night on the town, Paul's attention

swiveled from Gabi to her. Eva was a very beautiful woman in her own right, almost astonishingly hot. And with as much as Paul as stared at Gabi's chest, Gabi admittedly stared at Eva just a little, admiring the woman's looks. This shortly became awkward, however, when Gabi noticed that Eva was staring at her in return, almost as enraptured by Gabi's rack as Paul had been—and Paul, too, was once more staring at Gabi, though this times his eyes roamed more to her plump, shapely ass. She fidgeted, trying not to show her discomfort.

*Chapter 1*

# *Arrival*

"Uh… Where's Noah?" she asked, inquiring about the boy she would be babysitting.

"He's in bed," said Eva, barely able to wrench her eyes from Gabi's chest. "But I have dinner waiting for him in the fridge if he wakes up."

"Ah, I see."

Well, at least the job of babysitting wouldn't be too tiring, then. As long as he didn't wake up, she could have the time all to herself. This did rule out doing anything that might wake him, though…

"If you get hungry, feel free to order a pizza," Paul added. "We left some money for that on the counter."

That was considerate of them. Gabi guessed they would be counting that toward her pay for the night.

"What do I do with what's left?" she asked. "If I order a pizza."

"You can keep the change," said Eva with a wave of her hand.

Noting this, Gabi decided that she would either go without or order something cheap. Of course, considering her appetite…

Well, she nodded her understanding. The two barely appeared to notice it, still fixated on her chest.

Gabi blushed hotly and crossed her arms, feeling increasingly self-conscious.

"Okay… Is that everything?"

Paul blinked, seeing Gabi's breasts bob as she shifted. He nodded, maybe breaking out of his trance and maybe just following the motion of her tits. That he still stared suggested the latter, but that he then answered verbally suggested the former. Maybe it was both.

"Yes, that's everything." He nodded once more, and this time he managed to look Gabi in the eye. "You'll be fine by

yourself?"

Gabi huffed. She was fifteen. Practically an adult! They didn't need to worry about her.

"Yeah. I'll be sure not to burn the house down."

Eva giggled, and Paul nodded.

"Alright, then. We'll see you later."

Gabi didn't relax until she heard the sound of the door closing, and the sound of their car pulling out of the driveway a little while later. Then, she released a sigh and let her shoulders slump, looking down petulantly at her girls. She didn't dislike being so well-endowed, but it was uncomfortable when people only looked at her tits or her ass. It also didn't help that her bra was so tight.

She grimaced and walked over to a mirror, taking a look at herself. Honestly, she could understand WHY they would have stared so much, when she looked. She was wearing a simple white shirt, one that was now a little small on her form. Around her belly, it was loose—indeed, it had room to spare around the midsection—but at her chest, it was very tight. The contours of her chest were very much visible, and outlines of the straps of her bra could be made out quite easily as well. As huge and corpulent as they were, it was always nearly impossible to find a good mix of comfort

and modesty when it came to her breasts. And while she wouldn't call herself a prude, she didn't like being ogled by strangers.

Gabi reached up under her shirt and groped for the clasp of her bra. After a moment, she undid it, letting out a sigh of relief, then slipped this out from under her shirt, allowing her mountainous mammaries to dangle freely beneath her shirt. They sagged only a little despite their not inconsiderable weight, impressively perky for their size, and they pushed her shirt to the limits of its circumference, contouring the fabric snugly over their ponderous curves and poking their nipples obviously through the cloth. She looked even more indecent without her bra than she did with it on, but she cared more about the fact that it felt so much more comfortable now.

"Jeez…" She stretched and rolled her shoulders. "They've grown even more. I'll need a new bra soon."

Letting the bra drop, she grabbed her breasts and pressed them together. Sometimes she had a very strong love-hate relationship with these girls. One day, they were her pride and joy, and the next they were a cause for embarrassment and discomfort. And she wouldn't even mind so much if they would just stop growing already. Good grief. Lily joked that all the fat went to her tits and ass, and sometimes Gabi wondered if she wasn't right about that…

As she thought about this, her stomach growled.

Blushing, Gabi let go of her breasts. It was a little early to be thinking about dinner.

Maybe she should check up on the kid, first… at least take her mind off all this.

*Chapter 2*

# *Temptation*

Seeing Noah sleeping peacefully in his bed did not distract Gabi from her rumbling stomach. He looked cute in his sleep, quiet and innocent and defenseless.

'Aw… he looks sweet.' Gabi's mouth watered at this thought, and it took her a moment to realize that she was licking her lips. 'I bet he'd be delicious.'

The moment that she thought this, Gabi immediately exited Noah's room and shut the door, not wanting to tempt herself any further.

No, she shouldn't think that. She shouldn't even entertain the idea of doing it.

Absolutely not.

Gabi shook her head again, trying to banish memories of those brief thoughts. When she was younger, she hadn't seen anything wrong with it, but as a teenager, she had begun to understand the actual impact of eating people. Because she could do exactly that. She was able to swallow people whole and devour them in one piece, even if they were bigger than her. She'd been able to do this for as long as she could remember, and when she just a kid, she had done it many times without a second thought.

It had felt good to eat those people, and she hadn't considered their comfort at all. She hadn't really understood what it meant for them to digest in her stomach, to die and become part of her. But she had grown to understand, and for a while she had been struggling between her desires and what she believed to be right and wrong. It was arduous, and dismayingly often, she found herself succumbing to her old habits, giving in to appetite and turning innocent people into nothing but pieces of meat. Temptation was ever present, and sometimes fighting it seemed impossible.

Returning to the living room, Gabi decided to give her friend a call.

"Yo? Who is it?" Lily, Gabi's closest friend, sounded bored on the other end, eager for a conversation to interrupt the tedium of an evening with nothing to do. "If this is a cute guy, my parents aren't home tonight, so feel free to…"

"It's me, Gabi."

"Oh. Darn." There was a momentary silence. "What's up?"

"You know that babysitting job I got?"

"I remember, yeah. Is the kid giving you hell?"

"No, I only got here a little while ago, and he's been asleep the whole time." Gabi paused. "His parents did stare at my boobs an awful lot, though."

"I bet," Lily responded. "I can't help staring at those puppies sometimes myself. They still growing?"

Gabi winced.

"They've… gotten a little bigger, yeah."

"Nice."

Gabi snorted.

"Oh, come on."

"Hey, I'm just joking. Well… not really. But whatever! I guess you've been getting plenty to eat still, huh? I wish I had your metabolism. I swear, all your fat just goes straight

to your tits…"

"Yeah, well… speaking of eating, actually…" Gabi murmured.

"You didn't eat the kid you're babysitting, did you?"

Lily was one of the only people to find out about Gabi's cannibalistic appetite who hadn't gotten eaten in the process, and she was one of very few whom Gabi felt comfortable talking about her cravings. The girl was reasonably nonjudgmental, but she was also a good influence in Gabi's opinion as far as fighting her desires. For the most part, anyway.

"No, I haven't," Gabi said. "I was tempted, though…"

"Hmm… You're still trying not to do it?"

"Y-Yeah, of course… eating people is wrong."

Gabi's words came out weakly, and Lily could see right through it.

"…Who was it this time?"

"N-No one important," Gabi mumbled. "I mean… nobody you know. Just one guy in my class."

"Was he cute?"

"A little."

"Did you enjoy it?"

Gabi blushed and fidgeted with the phone.

"Yeah. Of course I did. But it was just him. That's all."

"…Who else, Gabi?"

A sigh.

"Okay, so there was this other boy too… and his girlfriend. I stumbled on them going at it, and they just looked too tasty to resist, dripping with each other's juices…" Gabi squirmed, shifting on the couch. "And when I finished with them, there was this other couple walking by, and I could feel the first couple still… you know, getting a last one in before they…" She brushed a hand over her presently taut belly, remembering the sensations all too vividly. "And, by then I'd whetted my appetite, so I ate them too to make it a foursome… Those two struggled a lot more going down, but once they were in my belly, I guess they gave up like the first couple, and…"

Lily hummed on the other end of the line.

"And was that all?"

"Ah… well, after I ate the four of them and went somewhere to digest them in private, there were three kids who found my hiding place and saw me…" Gabi blushed beet red. "Of course, I couldn't let them get away and tell anyone, so I… gobbled them up too. But I haven't eaten anybody else since then! And I mean it for real, this time."

Lily let out a long, slow sigh.

"You said you were working on that. Wasn't it your idea to try and stop?"

"I am trying…" Gabi said. "But it's hard, and… you know, sometimes I just lose control."

It was a moment before Lily answered.

"…Well, I won't hold it against you. You're the one who wants to stop, so it's your choice."

She sounded slightly unhappy with Gabi, and this forgiveness made her feel much worse than any repudiation. But there was no ill will. They were good friends, and Lily was understanding. Gabi really did want to do better, though.

"Thanks, Lily. I'll try to have a little more self-control. Maybe I'll order a pizza… That might take the edge off my appetite."

"No problem. Whatever helps."

They hung up, and then Gabi dialed the pizza place.

*Chapter 3*

# *Pizza time*

Half an hour after ordering her pizza, Gabi heard a knock at the door. When she answered it, she saw a young man not much older than herself. He was of average looks, a little scrawny but not a shrimp, and she initially thought nothing of him. Her focus was more on the pizza, and on counting out the correct sum (plus tip, she reminded herself), and she held the latter out to him after a moment in expectation of him handing over the former.

But the delivery boy did not react to the proffered payment. His eyes were not on Gabi's hand at all, and with how dumbly he stared, it seemed doubtful that he even remembered why he was here. Ensorcelled, the young man gawked at Gabi's chest, and when she realized where his eyes were fixed, Gabi blushed tomato red. This blush trebled in its vibrancy when Gabi recalled that she had taken off

her bra earlier, her face swiftly warming as she searched her memory for the moment when she had put that bra back on.

This search was vain, and when Gabi looked down for just a second, dreading to see it, she had her fears confirmed. Her bra still lay where she had set it, and her weighty breasts hung pertly, swaying freely in her shirt while her nipples noticeably tented the fabric. Gabi's blush burned still deeper as she stared at her chest, and when she looked back up at the delivery boy, it was to see him still goggling at her melons. Her growling stomach did nothing to alleviate the distress of this situation.

'Oh, God. He can see everything.'

That thought resounded in Gabi's head, and in a state of abject mortification she clapped her hands down over her chest like she had unwittingly walked out topless. With how the shirt conformed to the curvature of her considerable breasts, she might as well have been topless indeed, and she stared at the delivery boy like a cornered animal.

Rationally, this was just an embarrassing situation. If she were a little more mature, she could have perhaps clung onto enough composure to snap the fellow out of his daze and laugh it off later with only a little lingering mortification. But at her age, a scenario like this was just about the worst thing imaginable, and the dumbfounded raptness of the

delivery boy's stare only worsened her flusterment.

Finally, something inside Gabi snapped. It was dark out, and there was nobody else outside. The windows of the other houses were either dark or blindfolded. The delivery boy was the only witness to her shame. Panicky, flustered, and still troubled by her persisting hunger pangs, covering the tents of her nipples and staring humiliatedly at the young man, she reached the only conclusion that her tilted, reeling mind could have then proposed.

Gabi grabbed the pizza boy, pulled him inside, and shut the door.

For a fleeting moment, the young man's face lit up, his mind finally knocked out of its daze by the tug and the touch of her hands. Gabi was very attractive, and though he was embarrassed to have stared so rudely and idiotically at her chest, he obviously came to a very hopeful conclusion when she hauled him inside.

But he was only permitted to entertain these fantasies for a moment before the cold, hard, unbelievable reality came crashing down on him. He was able to look up from Gabi's tits just long enough to see her looming over him, mouth opened wide—impossibly, horrifyingly wide. And then her lips came rushing over him, engulfing his head and shoulders, forcing him face-first into her tongue.

Incomprehension paralyzed the delivery boy as Gabi's tongue rubbed over his face, as she held him with an uncanny strength and deafeningly slurped. Gabi's lips descended further down his form, enveloping his chest, his abdomen, his hips. Down into her throat his upper body was dragged, worked by the muscular action of her esophagus, and she smacked and gulped and swallowed until even his feet had disappeared, Gabi swallowing both the young man and the pizza in one fell swoop.

The blonde groaned and staggered back, hands on her belly, which swelled to accommodate the delivery boy. She could feel him start to kick and thrash inside her, and she could hear his voice come muffled through her flesh. "W-Wait… Is this a sick joke? Hey! Let me out!"

Gabi smote her distended belly to silence the young man, rapping him through her skin and other tissues to get the message across. Then, she made to sit down on the couch, trying not to think about what she had just done and hoping that she would be able to digest this meal before Paul and Eva came back home from their date.

At least there weren't any witnesses this time.

But even as Gabi thought this, she heard a soft sound from the other side of the living room, a faint gasp.

'…Oh no.'

Standing in the hallway, in full view of the front door, was little Noah. Ashen faced, he was staring at her, and when he saw her look his way, he let out a squeal of fear.

"Oh, fuck…" Gabi didn't bother to keep herself from cursing in front of the boy. From the look on his face, she could tell that he had already seen too much. "Um, you wouldn't mind keeping this a secret between the two of us, would you?"

Noah turned to run, and Gabi swore again and sprang to her feet. Acting on reflex more than on any reasoned decision, she darted after the lad. He was halfway down the hall by the time she started chasing him, but despite the encumbrance of her stuffed belly, Gabi was able to run him down in just a few seconds. She had ample experience catching and dealing with witnesses in the middle of digesting a meal, and soon she had her hands on Noah.

"NO!" he wailed. "MONSTER! LET ME GO!"

If he screamed any louder, a neighbor might hear, and he was kicking and struggling in her hands, fighting to free himself.

Too panicked to think clearly, and unable to help but remember how tasty the boy had looked while he was napping, Gabi popped him into her mouth. Compared to the delivery boy, Noah was just a mouthful, and it took just

two quick gulps to swallow him. Soon he was down her gullet, his screaming muffled to a safe level, and although he continued to struggle the whole way down, he could not halt his descent into the depths of her churning, gurgling belly.

As she felt Noah join the delivery boy in her stomach, it dawned on Gabi that she was in trouble.

There was only one person she could think to ask for help.

*Chapter 4*

# *Helpful mother*

“I ate the kid, Mom.”

There was a long silence on the other end of the line. Gabi could hear her mother sigh, a slow, weary exhalation.

“You didn’t.”

Gabi winced at the disappointment in her mother’s tone, and she fidgeted with the phone.

“I’m sorry. The pizza boy saw me without my bra, and he just stared and stared… and it just got me so flustered that I couldn’t think straight. So I ate him. But Noah saw it happen, so then I…”

There was a sound like static on the other end of the

phone, Gabi's mom letting out another belabored sigh.

"Gabi… That wasn't smart of you."

"I know…" Gabi mumbled. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not the one you ought to apologize to." There was a brief silence. "…Are they digesting right now?"

"Yeah." Gabi placed a hand over her swollen belly. It was still ponderously large, gorged with her illicit snack, and she could feel the acid churning as it washed over the still weakly struggling bodies of Noah and the pizza boy. They had given up on crying out by now, and it felt like they had nearly given up on escape. She was familiar with the patterns, and she had a good sense for when a snack would finally give in to its doom. "It won't be long before…"

"I see. Well, I guess there's no use crying over spilt milk. Even if you spat them back up…"

"Yeah. It's too late for that." Gabi rubbed her stomach, mentally appending a 'luckily' that made her conscience mutter sullenly in the back of her head. "They're already as good as gone."

Her stomach churned and gurgled. It was a familiar, physically pleasurable sensation, and all the more stimulating because she had denied herself so much lately. She felt bad

about enjoying it this much, but she couldn't ignore how good it felt. That was exactly why she had so much trouble kicking the habit. If it didn't feel so good and so satisfying, she could have stopped at any time.

"You know what you have to do, then. If his parents come home to see you with a bloated stomach and their son nowhere to be found…"

"I know." Gabi gulped, regretting the necessity even as she resigned herself to it. "I can't leave any witnesses."

"Don't leave a mess either."

Gabi smiled ruefully.

"Don't worry, Mom… I won't."

*Chapter 5*

# *Finishing the job*

Gabi had to wait two and a half hours for Paul and Eva to return. In that time, the kicking and writhing of the bodies already inside her belly had come to an almost complete stop, and the only disturbances to rack her stomach now were the periodic convulsions of regular digestive action, her gut gently churning its contents and bathing them in acid, slowly breaking them down into the constituent nutrients.

She tried to avoid thinking about Noah and the pizza boy. It was too late for regret, but still she occasionally grappled with the guilt and anguish of having succumbed again to her worst and basest instincts. Nonetheless, she kept her mother's advice at the forefront, and she watched and waited like a patient ambush predator, ready to pounce the moment they were inside.

But, when the door finally opened, a complication presented itself.

"Ah, you have such a nice place, Eva! It looks wonderful."

"Oh, don't mention it, Susan. It's nothing special, really."

"Thanks for inviting us over, Paul. We appreciate the hospitality."

"Don't mention it, Jack! It's nice to have friends stop by now and then."

Gabi tensed up where she was sitting on the couch, seeing that a second couple had walked in the door with Paul and Eva and were now hanging up their coats. This was unexpected, and if not unmanageable, a fair bit more than she had been planning on.

With a grimace, she rubbed a hand over her belly. The couch faced away from the front door, so they couldn't yet see her distended gut, which softly gurgled as she contemplated having to stuff both couples down her gullet.

Paul noticed her after a moment, and as if he had momentarily forgotten that he and his wife had hired a babysitter, he said, "Oh, right! Gabi. You're still here."

"Yeah," Gabi replied. "I am."

"I hope you didn't have any trouble with Noah," said Eva. "Was he good?"

Gabi nodded, not yet rising from the couch or turning to face them.

"Yeah, he was good. As sweet as I could have hoped."

"Ah, that's good," Eva sighed. "He can be a little rambunctious when he gets woken up…"

Paul laughed.

"I told you she would be right for the job, dear…" He walked around the couch, reaching into his wallet. "Here, Gabi. Your pay for the eveniiii…"

The man trailed off when he saw the expanse of Gabi's belly, spilling out roundly from under her shirt, barely even noticing her braless tits beside this. Seeing how trim she had been earlier that night, this sudden change seemed grotesque, too sudden to be humanly possible.

He looked at her in bewilderment, clutching her payment mindlessly in his hand as he gawked.

Gabi knew that it was now or never.

While Eva was still showing the guests the living room,

Gabi rose from the couch and lunged at Paul. He opened his mouth as if to cry out in astonishment at how suddenly she moved, and he opened it even wider as he saw her mouth open in answer, yawning appallingly wide. Momentarily mute, he could ejaculate no curse or plea or warning, and once Gabi had him in her mouth, it was too late for him to speak.

Smack. Slurp. Gulp.

With practiced speed, Gabi swallowed the man, shoving him into her maw. When she had him in her stomach, the man now struggling with full force and exclaiming muffled shouts from inside her belly as he was made belatedly, horrifically acquainted with his son's fate, the teen then swiveled on her heels.

Eva, Jack, and Susan had had their backs to Gabi, the woman of the house pointing out the fine details of the décor to them. But Jack turned his head, hearing something from behind, and his wife followed his eyes curiously.

Uncomprehending, both watched as Gabi's mouth descended, the darkness of her maw falling upon them with all the terrible speed and force of an avalanche. Dazed by the impact, stunned as they were forced up close together in her mouth, the couple could only kick and thrash in vain as Gabi knocked back her head and gulped them down, slurping up their legs like noodles. Her belly swelled a bit more as these

two were shunted down into it, joining the distraught and struggling Paul, and Gabi staggered for a moment, feeling the combined weight of them in her stomach.

A wave of drowsiness washed over the girl. Her body wanted to go to work on digesting this latest meal. But Gabi still had to do a little more before she was done.

The last one standing, Eva turned around belatedly, wondering what had happened to the complimentary babble of Jack and Susan's voices. She saw Gabi standing over her, and she felt the girl suddenly grab her by the arms.

It was impossible. It was unbelievable. But Eva had just enough time to comprehend what was happening as Gabi proceeded to lift her up high with a horrible strength then open her mouth monstrously wide.

Astonished and aghast, Eva let out a bloodcurdling scream as she was shoved into Gabi's maw, and she thrashed and writhed and struggled every inch of the way as she was gulped down the girl's gullet. But her resistance was manifestly futile, and all she did was provide her devourer with a minuscule extra challenge, easily overcome.

Then, Eva was inside Gabi's stomach, crammed in with her husband Paul, and with Jack and Susan, and with whatever was left of the delivery boy and their son.

Sobs and wails came from inside Gabi's belly, and she felt the unfortunate foursome desperately thrash as she picked up the phone and dialed.

"Okay, Mom. It's done."

"Good. Hopefully you won't make the same mistake again."

Gabi winced.

"Yeah… I'll try not to."

Her mother sighed on the other end.

"Well, it's not like it's completely your fault… But come on. I've pulled up outside."

Gabi nodded at this and hung up, then waddled out the door, still feeling her victims struggling in vain to escape their gruesome fate.

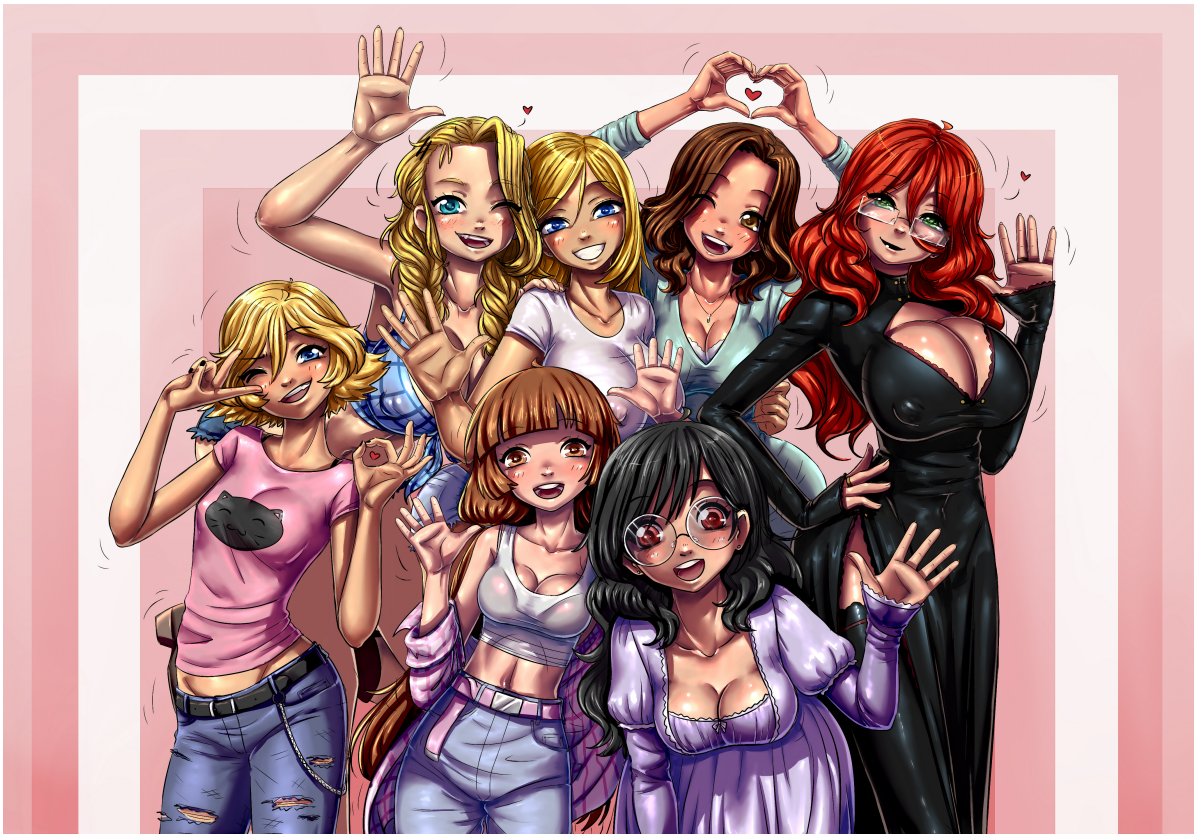
Her stomach gurgled. All this thrashing might as well have been no more than a bit of mild indigestion.

Climbing into the passenger's seat of her mother's car, Gabi pulled the door shut then buckled up.

"So… aside from the obvious, did you have a good night?"

Gabi smiled ruefully at her mom's question, and she smiled.

They chatted amicably the rest of the way home.



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**Thank you for your support!**